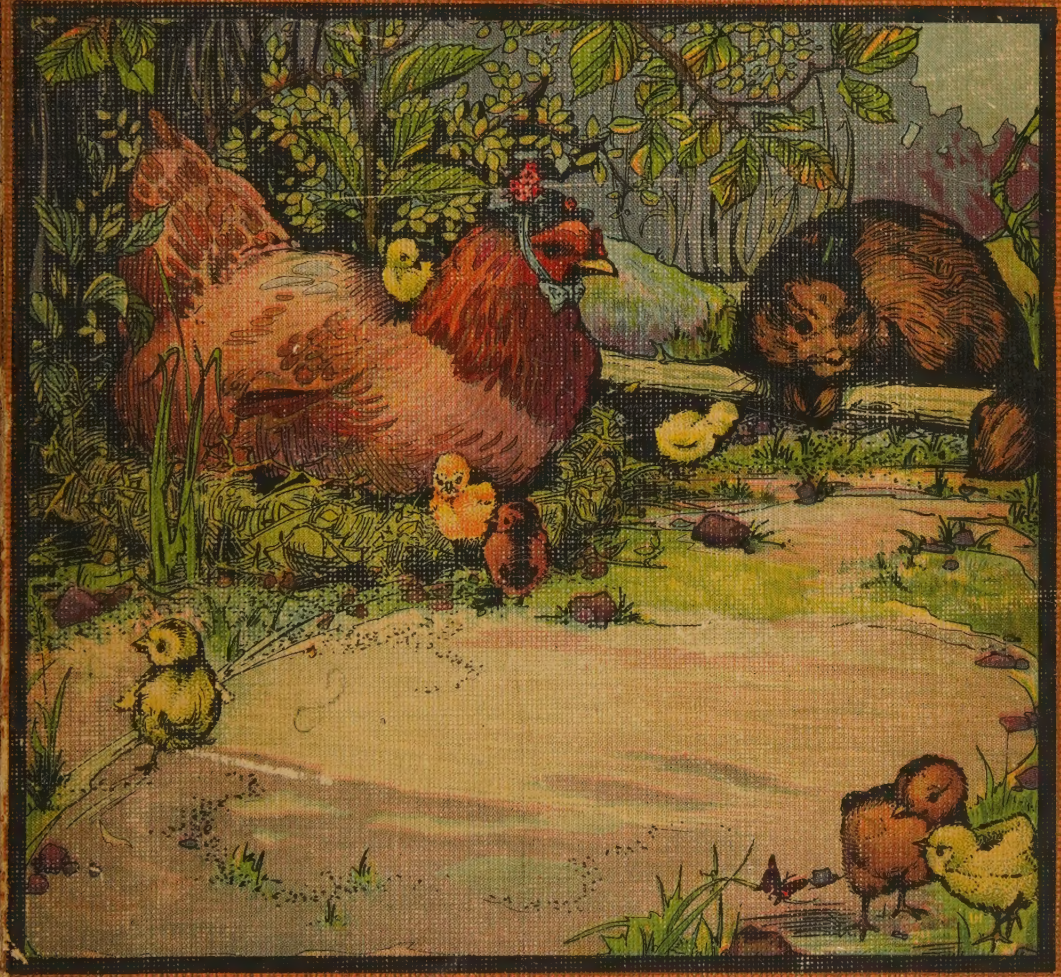
SEVEN LITTLE CHICKENS AND DANNY BEAVER



By Elizabeth Billings Stuart

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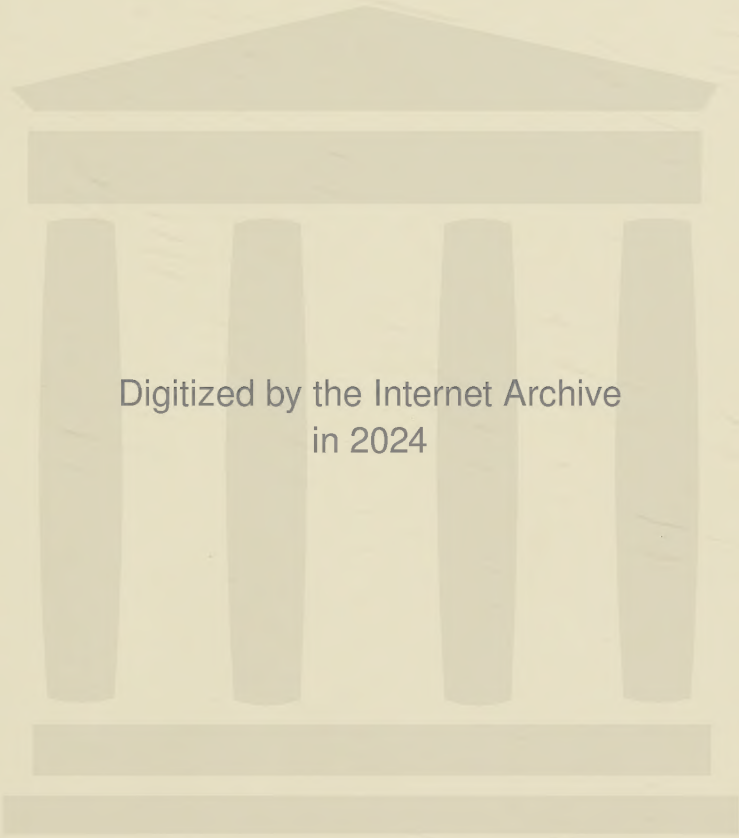
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"I WILL PUT THEM UNDER MY FEATHERS," SAID TOMMY HAWK

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Seven Little Chickens And Danny Beaver

By ELIZABETH BILLINGS STUART

ILLUSTRATED BY ELSIE M. KROLL

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Seven Little Chickens *and* Danny Beaver

CHAPTER ONE

LOST

ONE day a beautiful white chicken, named Crystal, said to herself, "I am tired of staying right here in Farmer Fellows' chicken yard all the time. I will take a walk and see for myself what lies beyond here."

So very early one morning, Crystal smoothed her beautiful feathers and then quickly ate her breakfast. While the other hens and cocks were still eating, she stole around back of the straw

stack and then hurried off all by herself.

"I will go over to the forest and see what it is like and then I will return home before anyone has even missed me," clucked Crystal to herself.

She was so excited that part of the time she ran and flopped her big wings all the while, so that she could cover the ground quicker.

At last she stopped to rest under the shade of a tree. Suddenly she heard voices. One grasshopper was saying to another, "I never saw anyone dance as beautifully as you do."

Crystal looked to the right of her and sure enough there was a dainty grasshopper hopping about in a most wonderful fashion.

Just to look at him made Crystal feel very hungry and before she even had time to think about it, she made a quick dash for the dancing grasshopper. But he was quicker than she and jumped up so high that she could not reach him.

The grasshopper bounded away and Crystal gave chase. On and on they went until they reached the great forest. Crystal did not notice what path they took or anything. She just ran on and on until she caught her toe in a grape vine and fell to the ground.

She got up, shook out her feathers and look around for the grasshopper. Alas! he was nowhere to be seen. She called to him, but of course he did not answer.

"I don't care if I never see that grasshopper again," said Crystal to herself. "I will find something good to eat and then I will go home."

Suddenly it became very dark. The leaves began to blow wildly about and it thundered so loudly that Crystal wished she had something to put over her ears so that she might not hear it. Then the lightning came in blinding flashes and Crystal wished that she had something to put over her eyes so that she might not see it.

"Pooh! Pooh!" clucked Crystal, "I am not afraid. Thunder and lightning cannot hurt me. The cock says that lightning is God's electric light, which he turns on the flowers, birds and trees.

And thunder is the music of Nature's big drum."

Just then big drops of rain began to fall so fast that Crystal had to run and push her way under a bush, which had such thick leaves that the rain could not reach her.

At last the storm was over. Crystal said to herself, "Now I will run for home. I wonder which way I should go!"

Alas! Crystal took the wrong path. Every step took her farther from home and she never knew it. By and by she stopped to rest and all at once she heard a voice say:

"Who are you and where did you come from?"

"Mercy, how you frightened me!" clucked Crystal, as she jumped to her

feet and looked down upon a small animal with a beautiful coat of fur. "My name is Crystal. I came from Farmer Fellows' chicken yard and I want to go back there."

"My name is Danny Beaver. I live over at Beaver Dam. I do not know the way to your home, but if you will come with me, you can live near us. I will be your friend and see that none of the big animals harm you."

Crystal now knew that she was hopelessly lost, so she was very glad to follow Danny Beaver.

CHAPTER TWO

A SURPRISE

WHEN Danny Beaver and Crystal reached Beaver Dam, the sun had set and all that poor Crystal could say was, "It is lovely here, Danny, but I want to go to bed."

"Very well," replied Danny. "Where would you like to sleep? I am afraid our home is too small for you."

"I want to sleep right here on the limb of this tree," said Crystal, as she hopped up on it.

"But how can a big bird like you sleep while you are standing on the limb of a tree? I am afraid you will fall off," said Danny Beaver.

"Oh, no, I will not fall off," laughed Crystal. "Chickens like to sleep while standing on some kind of a perch. I will just tuck my head under my wing and sleep until sunrise. Good night, Danny Beaver, and I thank you for your kindness to me."

The next morning, Danny Beaver was awakened by hearing a scratch, scratch and a "cluck!" "cluck!" He did not wait to stretch himself, but hurried outside and there was Crystal.

"Good morning!" she cried. "I have just had the best breakfast of worms and bugs, which I dug up in your yard. Now I must make myself a nest of grass, then I will lay some eggs in it."

"Why, I know where there is a nest already. It is a great big one and large

enough for you, I am sure. Some eagles built it up in the top of that tall tree. They went away this year and one day the wind blew the nest to the ground. See, here it is."

Sure enough, the nest was just right in every way. Crystal was so pleased that she hopped all about.

"Now we will put it under that big bush, where no one can see it and where the rain cannot touch it. You push and I will pull," said Crystal.

At last the nest was all fast and snug under the bush. Crystal hopped into it and as she settled herself comfortably she said, "Now Danny Beaver, please go away. I want to be alone for awhile. When I call you to come back, I will have a surprise for you."

So Danny Beaver hurried back home and told all of the beavers that a chicken named Crystal had come to live with them. Everyone was so eager to see her that Danny promised to take them all back to the nest with him.

Pretty soon, they all heard Crystal call, "Cluck-cluck-a-duck-ut! Cluck-cluck-a-duck-ut! Cluck-cluck-a-duck-ut!"

"There now, come along. We will see what all of the excitement is about," said Danny Beaver.

After Crystal had been introduced to all of the beavers, she stepped from in front of her nest and behold, there was a beautiful, white egg!

"Mercy! mercy me!" snorted Danny Beaver. "Where did you find that lovely, big egg? Was that in the nest?"

"No. Oh, no," laughed Crystal. It has only been in the nest a few minutes. I laid that egg myself."

"What will you do with it, eat it?" inquired Danny Beaver.

"No. No. Many times no," clucked Crystal. I will lay a nest full of eggs, then I will sit upon them and keep them very, very warm until little fluffy chickens hatch from all of the eggs."

"My, oh, my, that will be fine," said Danny Beaver. "But come, my beaver friends, we must all hurry to our work. We must have that tree cut down by sunset."

So off ran the beavers. Everyone eager to do his or her share of the work.

"MY NEST IS FULL OF BEAUTIFUL EGGS"

CHAPTER THREE

THE SEVEN LITTLE CHICKENS ARRIVE

DANNY BEAVER went every day to visit Crystal and see the eggs, which she had laid. He was almost as interested in those eggs as Crystal herself.

Then, early one morning, Danny heard Crystal calling, "cluck-cluck-a-duck-ut! cluck-cluck-a-duck-ut!"

"There now," said Crystal, "just look! My nest is full of beautiful eggs. In three weeks, my nest will be full of little baby chicks."

"Do you mean to tell me that for three weeks you must stay on that nest day and night?" cried Danny Beaver.

"Why, certainly," replied Crystal. "I will only leave the eggs uncovered long enough to get something to eat each day."

"Let me help you," begged Danny Beaver. "While you are scratching for worms, I will get on the nest and keep the eggs warm."

Crystal thought it was most unselfish and kind of Danny to want to help her, but as she looked at his small body and then at the big nest full of eggs, she smiled to herself. Aloud she said:

"That is splendid of you Danny and I thank you, but I am afraid that you could not cover all of the eggs with your fur coat."

Danny looked at the nest and then at himself. He began to laugh right out loud.

"Ha! ha! that is a good joke on me. But never mind, I will ask Mrs. Beaver to help me. Surely the two of us can cover them."

So Danny and Mrs. Beaver helped Crystal to keep her eggs warm and one morning while Crystal was getting her breakfast, Mrs. Beaver said to Danny:

"Listen, Danny! I hear a strange noise."

Danny listened and sure enough, he heard a faint, "cheep! cheep! cheep! cheep!"

Danny was so excited that he could scarcely keep still. "Mercy, goodness! I wish that Crystal would come," he exclaimed.

Suddenly the "cheep! cheep!" grew louder and then a wonderful thing hap-

pened! The egg shell burst and out stepped a tiny baby chicken.

"Crystal! Crystal!" called Danny. "Come here! come here as quick as you can!"

When Crystal saw her baby chick, she was as happy and proud as any mother could possibly be. Danny Beaver and Mrs. Beaver were just about as happy and proud. They even felt as if the little chick belonged to them, as if they had had a share in bringing it into the world.

Crystal got up on top of the nest and took the baby chick right up under her wing, where it was all so soft, warm and cozy. And do you know, by night, Crystal had seven baby chicks nestled in amongst her feathers.

CHAPTER FOUR

TOMMY HAWK CAUSES EXCITEMENT

DOWN in the forest news travels very fast. In a few days all of the animals in Bunnyville knew about the seven little chickens. The fifteen little Bunny-Tails, Winkie, Brownie, Sadie and Muffle Face were so eager to see the seven little chickens that Brownie said:

"Why not have a picnic down at Beaver Dam? We can ask Mr. Rusty Fox to show us the way."

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" cried all of the Bunny-Tails. "We will have a picnec! We will have a picnic!"

"Before we make sure of it, we must

all go home and ask our mothers if we may go to Beaver Dam," said Winkie Bunny-Tail.

"Oh, yes, of course, we must ask our mothers," agreed all of the Bunny-Tails.

So away they all scurried to their different homes. Muffle Face went to his home in the Hollow Tree, where he found Twinkle Squirrel cracking nuts for their dinner.

"Please, oh, please," cried Muffle Face, "may I go with the Bunny-Tails on a picnic to Beaver Dam? We wish to see the seven little chickens."

"Well, well, if all the Bunny-Tails are going, you may join them. Who will guide you to Beaver Dam? It is a long way from here," said Twinkle Squirrel.

"We intend to ask Mr. Rusty Fox to go with us," replied Muffle Face.

For a moment, Twinkle Squirrel did not say a word. He was thinking and his eyes grew brighter and brighter. At last he said:

"You may go, Muffle Face, but I will go with you to see that no harm comes to you. I do not trust Mr. Rusty Fox."

Just then they heard a rustle of wings. Muffle Face hurried to the window and was in time to see Tommy Hawk flying away.

"He must have been on a limb of that tree, right across from this window all the time we were talking. He heard every word we said and I am afraid that he will hurry down to Beaver Dam

and catch those little chickens," cried Twinkle Squirrel excitedly.

Muffle Face sat very still and thought. At last he jumped up and said, "I have it! I will ask Sammy Crow to fly to Beaver Dam as fast as he can and tell Danny Beaver to watch out for that wicked Tommy Hawk."

"That is a fine idea," replied Twinkle Squirrel. "Danny Beaver will find a way to take care of Crystal and the seven little chickens."

Muffle Face ran out in search of Sammy Crow, but he did not have far to go, as Sammy Crow was on his way to the Hollow Tree to visit Twinkle Squirrel.

"I will start for Beaver Dam at once," said Sammy Crow after he had heard all

about Tommy Hawk. "It is a dreadful thing to listen to folks talking when they do not know you are about. I am sure that Tommy Hawk will be punished for being so mean."

So away flew Sammy Crow to Beaver Dam. He was only half way there when it began to grow dark. Poor Sammy grew so tired and sleepy that he could not see well. Often he would strike the top of a tree and once or twice, some of his feathers were pulled out by sharp twigs.

At last he decided that he would stop and sleep until the moon rose and lighted the way for him. He felt sure that Tommy Hawk would not leave Bunnyville before early morning and he could easily beat him to Beaver Dam.

SAMMY CROW SLEPT UNTIL THE MOON SHONE

CHAPTER FIVE

THE TRAP

SAMMY CROW slept until the moon shone so bright that it woke him up. He shook his feathers and said to himself:

"There now, I am rested and it is so light that I can see just as well as if it were daylight. Thanks, Mr. Moon, for shining so brightly."

Sammy Crow flew as fast as he could, but the sun was just rising as he reached Beaver Dam. He went straight to Danny Beaver's house and called loudly to him.

Danny Beaver did not even wait to stretch himself. He knew that some-

thing must be very wrong or Sammy Crow would not be at Beaver Dam at this time in the morning. However, Danny Beaver is always very calm and dignified, so as he came out he said:

"Good morning, Sammy Crow! How are you?"

"Good morning, Danny Beaver! I am very well, thank you," replied Sammy Crow. "I have come to tell you that your friends, Crystal and the seven little chickens are in danger. Tommy Hawk means to catch them. He must be on his way here by now."

Danny Beaver actually jumped. He was so startled. At last he said, "We must do something at once to save them. We must not stand here and waste our time."

"Why not hide our friends in your house?" suggested Sammy Crow.

"No. That would not do," replied Danny Beaver as he shook his head sadly. "Neither Crystal nor the seven little chickens could get into it."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" sighed Sammy Crow. "I do not know where we can hide them. They cannot climb and they cannot swim."

"I have it! I have it !" cried Danny Beaver.

"What have you? What have you?" called Sammy Crow excitedly.

"I have a fine idea," laughed Danny Beaver.

"Tell me quick! Tell me quick!" begged Sammy Crow as he flew in circles above Danny's head.

"Well, we will leave Crystal and the seven little chickens just where they are. But in front of their nest, I will make a trap for Tommy Hawk."

"Oh, oh! That is a wonderful idea!" cried Sammy Crow. "Hurry and make it. I am so afraid that Tommy Hawk will get here first."

Danny Beaver called all the Beavers to him and told them the whole story. Every Beaver was eager to help make the trap, for they all loved Crystal and the seven little chickens.

Some of the beavers began to dig the hole with their sharp toe nails. Others cut twigs, while still others brought stones, grass and weeds.

When Crystal heard what was about to happen, she felt quite uneasy, but when

she saw how hard and carefully her friends were working to save her and the seven little chickens, she became calm and promised to do just as she was told. To Danny Beaver she said:

"My mother always taught me to run for the hen house when we saw a hawk coming. At Farmer Fellows, a hawk would not dare to come into the hen house. He knew that if he did, the hens would all cackle and the cocks crow until Farmer Fellows came out with his shot-gun. A hawk knows very well what will happen when Farmer Fellows shoots with that gun."

"Never mind, Crystal, never mind!" said Danny Beaver. "You and the seven little chickens are just as safe as if you were at Farmer Fellows."

CHAPTER SIX

A PICNIC PARTY

WHEN Tommy Hawk left the Hollow Tree, he was chuckling to himself, "I will have a fine chicken dinner! I will have a fine chicken dinner!"

At first, Tommy Hawk thought that he would start at once for Beaver Dam, but as he saw that it was nearly time for the sun to set, he decided to wait until early morning.

"My wings are so strong and I can fly so fast that it will not take me very long to reach Beaver Dam. Ha! ha! I wish that it was morning right now."

So did all of the little Bunny-Tails wish that it was morning. They had all gained consent to go to Beaver Dam on their picnic and they longed to be off. They had been promised that they might start at sun-rise.

Brownie Bunny-Tail tossed and tumbled about so restlessly in his little bed, that Teddy Bear could not sleep. He said:

"Dear me, dear me, Brownie Bunny-Tail, whatever is the matter with you?"

"I am thinking so much about the picnic and I am so afraid that we will not wake up early enough," sighed Brownie.

"Well, well?" snorted Teddy Bear, "I should say that you are journey proud because you are going to take a trip to Beaver Dam."

"Tee-hee! tee-hee!" laughed Brownie

Bunny-Tail. "I believe you are right, Teddy Bear. I do feel all excited."

"There, there now, go to sleep like a good boy," begged Teddy Bear.

"Yes sir, I will try to sleep, but I know I could sleep better if you would only snore as you usually do," replied Brownie.

"Do you mean to tell me that I snore?" shouted Teddy Bear. You see, no one likes to think that he snores.

"Yes sir, you snore me to sleep every night and I like it. It is dreadfully still and lonesome when you do not snore," replied Brownie Bunny-Tail.

"Very well, you promise to go to sleep and I will promise to snore," laughed Teddy Bear as he snuggled down in his bed once more.

SHE MADE A QUICK DASH FOR THE DANCING GRASSHOPPER

Now Twinkle Squirrel did not go to bed at all that night. He stayed in his store room and cracked nuts. He cracked a nice basket full of them. He knew they would be needed for the picnic.

And so it happened that Twinkle Squirrel was the first one to see the sun rise. And as he looked out of the window he saw Tommy Hawk fly past.

"He is headed straight for Beaver Dam, but I know that Sammy Crow must be almost there by now," said Twinkle Squirrel. "I will call Muffle Face and send him to wake the other Bunny-Tails."

In a very short time all the Bunny-Tails were washed, dressed, had eaten their breakfast and were gathered at the Hollow Tree all ready to start on their picnic.

"Where is Mr. Rusty Fox?" asked Winkie Bunny-Tail.

"Oh, I forgot to call him!" cried Brownie Bunny-Tail.

"Never mind, I will blow my new whistle for him. Teddy Bear just made it for me. It is very loud and Mr. Rusty Fox is sure to hear it," added Brownie Bunny-Tail.

Brownie blew and blew on the whistle, but Mr. Rusty Fox did not come. At last Twinkle Squirrel said:

"It is getting late. We will start without Mr. Rusty Fox. He can easily catch up with us."

So the picnic party started off with Twinkle Squirrel for guide.

CHAPTER SEVEN

A GOOD DEED

THE Bunny Tails romped along, merry and happy. Often they would run to the roadside to pick a nice ripe berry or to eat a tender, juicy leaf.

Winkie Bunny-Tail kept looking back to see if Mr. Rusty Fox was coming.

Sadie Bunny-Tail understood just how Winkie felt about it, so she went up to him and whispered:

"Never mind, Winkie. It is all his own fault. Mr. Rusty Fox should have been on time."

"But you see no one called him. He must have overslept," replied Winkie.

"I do not believe that he was home. If he had been there, he would have heard Brownie's whistle," said Sadie Bunny-Tail.

"Why of course, you are right," laughed Winkie and he felt happy once more.

They had all gone on quite a distance when suddenly Muffle Face called out, "Where is the fifteenth little Bunny-Tail?"

Every one stopped and every one began to look, but he was not within sight.

"Oh, where is our little brother, oh, where is our little brother?" cried the fourteen little Bunny-Tails.

"He must be lost! He must be lost! What will our poor mother say?" sobbed the first little Bunny-Tail.

"There, there, now don't cry," said

Twinkle Squirrel. "He is not lost. He must be hiding from us."

However, they all went hopping back down the path, which they had just come over. And they looked for foot-prints in all directions.

"Brownie Bunny-Tail, please blow your whistle as loud as you can, then we will all shout together and we can tell him just where we are," said Muffle Face.

So Brownie Bunny-Tail blew his whistle and they all shouted and shouted, but no answer came back to them.

Back and back down the path toward Bunnyville hopped the little picnic party. They were all very uneasy and the little Bunny-Tail brothers and sisters had cried so much that their pocket handkerchiefs were all wet. They had to

hang them on a bush in the sunshine to dry.

Suddenly they heard a voice near them call, "Come here! come here, all of you! I need your help!"

"It is the fifteenth little Bunny-Tail! It is the fifteenth little Bunny-Tail!" shouted Brownie.

Twinkle Squirrel quickly rushed in the direction of the voice, and there was the fifteenth little Bunny-Tail watching a June bug.

"Oh, oh, we are so glad to see you," cried his brothers and sisters.

"How did you get lost?" inquired Winkie.

"Why, I did not know that I was lost. I have been right here all the time. Has it been long?" asked the fifteenth little Bunny-Tail in surprise.

THERE WAS THE FIFTEENTH LITTLE BUNNY-TAIL

"Mercy me, mercy me!" sputtered Twinkle Squirrel. "You didn't know that you were lost and here we have been hunting and wasting all this time looking for you. What have you been doing?"

"Well, you see, I am a Boy Scout. I came here to pick that berry and I found this poor June Bug. He had fallen off the bush and landed on his back. He could not turn over and I have been trying to help him. I must do a kind act each day," explained the fifteenth little Bunny-Tail.

The Bunny-Tails were full of sympathy at once. They all helped and soon the June Bug was standing on his feet once more. He was very grateful and as they marched away, they heard him calling;

"I thank you. I thank you. I thank you."

CHAPTER EIGHT

TOMMY HAWK IS CAUGHT

IN the meantime down at Beaver Dam, the beavers had worked so hard that the trap was just about ready for Tommy Hawk.

"We must clear away every bit of loose dirt or Tommy Hawk will suspect something is wrong and our plan will fail," said Danny Beaver.

"Let us scatter leaves all around the hole. We can make them look as if they just fell from the tree," suggested Mrs. Beaver.

When this had been done, Danny Beaver put some dry and brittle twigs over the hole and sprinkled pine needles over it, un-

til it looked like the ground all about it.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Danny Beaver, "we will play a good joke on Tommy Hawk this time."

"Hist! hist! I hear him coming now," cried Sammy Crow.

"Hide, all of you, as quick as you can," whispered Danny Beaver. "Stay where you are Crystal. I will be near and see that no harm comes to you or the seven little chickens."

In an instant there was not a beaver in sight and everything was as still and looked as natural as could be.

Poor Crystal shivered a little, but she bravely tucked her little chickens a little closer under her feathers and sat watching and waiting.

Tommy Hawk flew straight to the tree above Crystal, but he was too wise not to look and see if there was any danger.

He waited and watched, but he could not see a sign of anything or anyone to harm him.

"I guess the beavers must all be away today. I cannot see any of them," he said to himself.

He looked around once more, then he thought, "I will now go to Crystal's nest. She will be so frightened that she will jump off the nest and then I can catch the seven little chickens."

So Tommy Hawk went down to Crystal's nest and sure enough there she was with her seven little chickens all peeping out from amongst her feathers.

"Hello, Crystal! Wouldn't you like to take a walk this beautiful morning and let me take care of the seven little chickens while you are gone?" asked Tommy Hawk as politely as he could.

"No, thank you," replied Crystal. "I do not wish to walk. I must keep my babies nice and warm."

"I would put them under my feathers also," said Tommy Hawk.

"Yes, I know that you would put them under your feathers, you wicked Tommy Hawk. I know what you mean," cried Crystal.

"I will put them there anyway," said Tommy Hawk and he started straight for the nest.

But alas for Tommy Hawk! And hurrah for the seven little chickens! The

twigs went snap, and crash went Tommy Hawk, down into the trap!

Before Tommy Hawk could even think what had happened to him, Danny Beaver had rushed out and put a flat stick over the hole.

"There now!" shouted Danny. You can never get out, unless I let you out."

"Oh, when will you let me out?" cried Tommy Hawk.

"I do not know. We will have to talk it over and see," replied Danny Beaver.

"The Bunny-Tails are on their way here for a picnic. Let us wait and talk it over with them," said Sammy Crow.

"Yes, we will wait and talk it over with them," answered Danny Beaver.

CHAPTER NINE

TOMMY HAWK IS SET FREE

EARLY in the afternoon of that same day, Teddy Bear went out into the forest to get some wood and who should he meet but Mr. Rusty Fox. Teddy Bear was so surprised to see him that he could only gasp:

"What is the matter? What has happened? Where are all of the Bunny-Tails?"

"I do not know. I have not see them for two days. Why are you so frightened?" asked Mr. Rusty Fox.

"Because the Bunny-Tails were all going on a picnic to Beaver Dam and Brownie Bunny-Tail was to ask you to guide them there," replied Teddy Bear.

"Well, I have not seen Brownie Bunny-Tail and he never did ask me to go with them," said Mr. Rusty Fox.

"Dear me, dear me! Brownie Bunny-Tail must have forgotten to invite you and then he must have thought that he had asked you, for I heard him planning on your guiding them. Brownie Bunny-Tail is very forgetful, very forgetful," sighed Teddy Bear.

"Pooh! Pooh!" snorted Mr. Rusty Fox. "That is a whole lot to forget."

"Well, I have known him to do a good deal worse, but why don't you start now? You can catch up with them before they reach Beaver Dam. You know the way so well and you are such a swift runner," advised Teddy Bear.

"I believe that I will," said Mr. Rusty

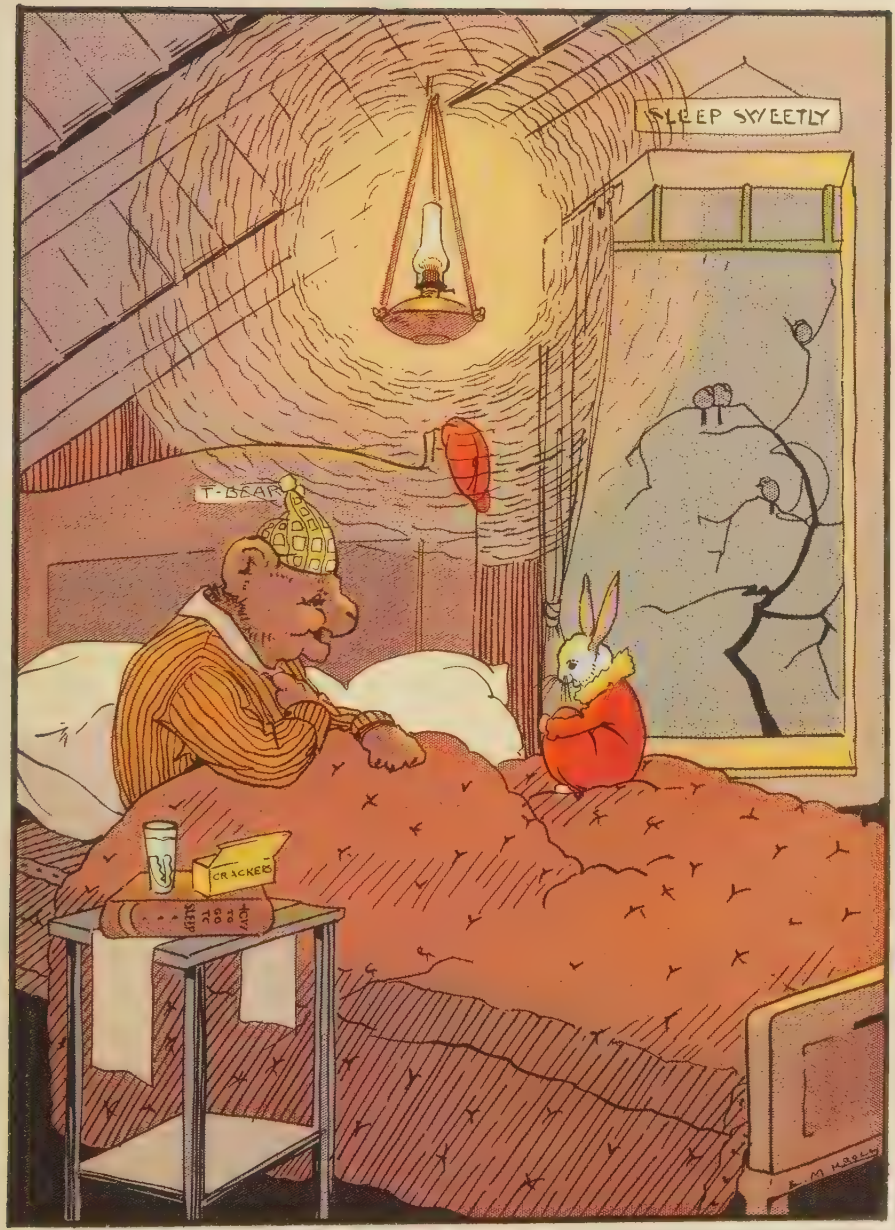
Fox and he felt real good natured once more.

"Hurry now and do not waste a moment. Please tell those Bunny-Tails for me that they must start for home early and get here before it is too dark," said Teddy Bear.

"Yes, sir, I will, if you will please go around and tell Grandfather Fox where I have gone," called Mr. Rusty Fox as he dashed away.

Teddy Bear stood and watched Mr. Rusty Fox until he disappeared from sight, then he smiled and said to himself:

"Mr. Rusty Fox is much more polite than he was. I always did like him except when he was up to some mischief or trick."



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"I COULD SLEEP BETTER," SAID BROWNIE

In the meantime, Twinkle Squirrel and the Bunny-Tails had reached Beaver Dam. Danny Beaver saw them coming and called:

"Come quick! Crystal and the seven little chickens are here. In fact we are all here and we have a strange guest or prisoner, I mean."

Twinkle Squirrel and Muffle Face looked at one another. They were the only ones who knew about Tommy Hawk and how Sammy Crow had hurried to Beaver Dam to warn Danny and Crystal of the danger for the seven little chickens.

They had not told the others as they did not wish to spoil their picnic or frighten them, so now Twinkle Squirrel told them the first part of the story

and Danny Beaver told them how he and his friends had made the trap and caught Tommy Hawk in it.

"And now," said Danny Beaver, "come over to the trap while I show you Tommy Hawk and then we will decide what to do with him."

"Please, may we see the seven little chickens first?" begged Winkie Bunny-Tail.

"Why certainly, why certainly," replied Danny Beaver. "I think it is safer to see them before we let Tommy Hawk out anyway."

Crystal coaxed her babies to come out into the sunshine and they looked just like cunning, little, white balls of fluff.

The Bunny-Tails were so delighted with them that they wanted to hug them.

"Take your seven little chickens back to the nest, Crystal, and we will attend to Tommy Hawk." Danny Beaver said.

When they had all formed in a circle around the trap, Winkie Bunny-Tail said:

"If Tommy Hawk will promise never, never to catch any little chickens, will you set him free?"

"Certainly, if that is the wish of all the others," said Danny Beaver.

"Yes! yes! that is our wish! that is our wish!" shouted the Beavers and the Bunny-Tails.

So Tommy Hawk promised never, never to catch any little chicken and just as Danny Beaver removed the stick and Tommy Hawk flew out, up dashed Mr. Rusty Fox.

CHAPTER TEN

BROWNIE GOES FISHING

"OH, Mr. Rusty Fox, where have you been, where have you been and why didn't you come with us?" cried all of the Bunny-Tails at once.

Tommy Hawk did not wait for the answer. He flew away as fast as his strong wings would carry him. He was so glad to be free once more.

Mr. Rusty Fox sat down and looked at each of the Bunny-Tails. When he came to Brownie, he looked at him very, very hard and said very slowly:

"I was in Bunnyville all the time. I did not come with you because I was not invited."

THEY WENT OVER AND SOME PUT THEIR ARMS AROUND HIM

Brownie Bunny-Tail actually jumped and he looked so guilty that the fifteen little Bunny-Tails felt sorry for him. They went over and some put their arms about him.

"I am so sorry, Mr. Rusty Fox. It is all my fault. The Bunny-Tails told me to ask you to guide us here. I forgot to do it and then I forgot that I had forgotten to do it. Please excuse me, Mr. Rusty Fox."

"Why, Brownie Bunny-Tail forgot it so completely that he even blew his whistle, so that if you were sleeping, you would wake up and come," said Winkie Bunny-Tail.

"Yes, he did. Indeed he did," cried all of the little Bunny-Tails.

"Oh, well, there was no harm done. I am here anyway, so it is all right," replied Mr. Rusty Fox. He felt very important and was enjoying himself.

"Come, friends, let us invite Crystal and the seven little chickens to have some lunch with us and then we will have some games and fun," said Danny Beaver.

"Hoop lah! hurrah! hoop lah! hurrah! Hurrah for Danny Beaver!" cried all of the Bunny-Tails. "Danny Beaver saved the lives of the seven little chickens!"

"Just one moment, just one moment, my friends," shouted Danny Beaver. "We must thank Sammy Crow for warning us that Tommy Hawk was coming and we must thank all of the beavers for working so hard and making the trap."

"Of course we must," cried Twinkle Squirrel. "All together now, my Bunny-Tails."

"Hoop lah! hurrah! hoop lah! hurrah! Hurrah for Sammy Crow and all of the Beavers!" shouted the Bunny-Tails.

"Then Crystal said, "I wish to thank my dear friends, too. I am so grateful to you all and so happy here that I never want to leave Beaver Dam."

While the Bunny-Tails were spreading out their lunch and while the beavers were bringing choice bits of bark and tender leaves to add to the feast, Brownie Bunny-Tail wandered over to the water.

As he walked along the shore, he saw a small fish jump up and then start swimming again in the clear water. The

fish was so near to him that Brownie Bunny-Tail said to himself:

"I would like to catch that fish and take it to Crystal and the seven little chickens. I do not know whether they eat fish or not, but I would like to make them a present anyway."

Just then the little fish swam so near that Brownie reached out and touched it. The little fish darted away, but very soon came back to see what that strange thing, which had touched him, really was.

This time Brownie Bunny-Tail leaned way over and made a quick grab for the fish. But alas, he lost his balance and fell into the water right on his head.

Danny Beaver heard the splash and like

a flash he was in the water and swimming after poor Brownie Bunny-Tail.

Danny Beaver grabbed Brownie's tail in his mouth and pulled him to shore. Poor Brownie! His eyes, ears and mouth were so full of water and he was so frightened that he wanted to cry, but Twinkle Squirrel said:

"Come friends, everybody play tag, so that Brownie can get warm and dry once more."

So off they all ran and very soon Brownie was as merry as the rest of them.

CHAPTER XI

BROWNIE'S WHISTLE

AT last Brownie Bunny-Tail was nice and warm and very nearly dry, so Twinkle Squirrel said:

"Now we will have our lunch and I am sure that we are all good and hungry."

Indeed they were all very, very hungry and they ate and ate. Then they ate and ate some more, until everything was just about gone.

All at once Muffle Face saw that Brownie Bunny-Tail was not eating. He was feeling in all of his pockets. He felt first in one pocket and then in the other. He did this over and over again and every

time that his hand came out empty, he looked more unhappy.

"What is the matter?" whispered Muffle Face.

"I cannot find my whistle. I must have lost it somewhere," replied Brownie.

"Have you looked in your back hip pocket?" asked Muffle Face.

"Oh, no, perhaps it is there. I forgot that I had that pocket," said Brownie.

With a smile he quickly felt in his back hip pocket, but as his hand came out empty, the smile faded and Brownie looked sad once more.

"Never mind, we will tell the others and they will help us find it. It must be around here somewhere," said Muffle Face. Then he told the rest of the loss.

"Well, well, that is too bad, but you just wait a few minutes and that whistle will be back in your hand," promised Danny Beaver.

The beavers and the Bunny-Tails ran in all directions and looked carefully over every bit of the ground where they had played tag, but the whistle was not to be found.

"I would not feel so badly about it, but Teddy Bear gave it to me as a present. I do wish that we could find it," said Brownie Bunny-Tail.

"I am afraid you lost it in the water when you went fishing," said Danny Beaver. "I will ask all of the beavers to swim out to the Dam and look for it."

"And I am sure that Teddy Bear will make a whistle just like mine, as a

reward to whoever finds it," laughed Brownie Bunny-Tail.

The beavers lost no time. They plunged into the water and swam in all directions. Some of them dove down, down, out of sight.

Mrs. Beaver swam slowly about. She was thinking and this is what she thought: "Now that whistle could not sink. It is of wood and would float on top of the water. It would be carried by the current down the stream."

Mrs. Beaver swam rapidly down the stream toward the Dam. She looked to the right and she looked to the left, but she could not see anything that looked like a whistle.

Finally she came to the Dam. She said to herself, "I do not believe the whistle

went over the Dam. It must have caught against one of the sticks, which form the Dam."

And do you know, she had no more than said this to herself when she saw the whistle standing right up straight in the water.

She hurried to it, caught it in her strong teeth and swam to shore with it. Then she called:

"Come here Beavers! Come here Brownie! Come here Bunny-Tails! Come here everybody!"

Crystal called her seven little chickens and they all ran with the Bunny-Tails to Mrs. Beaver.

Brownie was so happy to have his whistle again and he was so grateful to Mrs. Beaver that he jumped in the

air and cracked his heels together. All the time he was saying:

"I thank you, Mrs. Beaver. I thank you. Teddy Bear will make you a whistle right away and I will send it to you."

"You are very welcome, Brownie Bunny-Tail. I am glad to have found your whistle for you. The whistle which you will send to me, I will give to my babies to play with," replied Mrs. Beaver.

"Now we must start home," said Twinkle Squirrel. "Mr. Rusty Fox, will you please guide us home? You know a shorter way than the path we came."

So the Bunny-Tails said good-bye to Crystal, the seven little chickens and the Beavers. They thanked their friends for the good time they had had and promised to come again.